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the umbrella-bearer, or, perhaps, two or three of them if the officer had attained such distinction. 701 714

The actual civilian commander of the regiment seldom came out to the review, so that there were comparatively few gold umbrellas, but the red and green military sun-shades, with deep fringes, added perhaps more to the brilliance of the array, considered simply as a spectacle. Behind the hti-bearers came the minor officers, mounted on ponies, with the ordinary Burmese scarlet cloth saddle and tassels sweeping over the animal's flanks. [492] Each of these minor chiefs also had his umbrella borne over his head, and a score or two of spear-men guarded the flanks of the cavalcade. Mingled up among them was a confused crowd of cheroot-bearers, spittoon-holders, betel-box carriers, and similar functionaries such as accompany a Burmese grandee wherever he goes. Behind this motley assemblage came the regimental colours. These were bifurcated red pennants, burgees bearing the number of the battalion, and leogryphs, lions, dogs, dragons, and similar distinguishing emblems for the different regiments. The standard was not very ponderous, but occasionally the bearer—he was not an officer—got tired of carrying it over his shoulder and lowered it to the trail without seeming to injure any one's sense of congruity. He was followed by the band, or a portion of it, for the musicians were scattered in twos and threes all over the regiment, usually at the head of a company, but not by any means necessarily so. 704 ● 533 Burmese music is ordinarily far from soft and gentle. At a play the trumpets blare, and the gongs, cymbals, and clappers clash and jingle and rattle in truly inspiriting fashion. But no such spirit-stirring strains are considered necessary to rouse martial ardour. A military bandsman required no preliminary education. All he had to do was to tap, tap away in the most stolid and monotonous fashion on a kyinaung. This is a brass or bell-metal gong, about the size of a dessert plate with a small round boss in the centre. The sound is sweet, and they are pitched in different keys, but a low-country Burman is at a loss to divine their precise use. The sound does not travel far, and they are not beaten in any fixed time, besides that the ahmudan would not step to it if they were; so that if it were not for the dignity

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704 533 of the thing, there might just as well have been no band at all. But there they were, and they jingled away and stopped and began again in the most casual and independent possible way.

704 714 After all this came at last the ahmudan, King Thibaw's army of "immortals" in full array. They most assuredly had not a martial appearance, and there was not a semblance of discipline among them. It was just possible to make out that they were marching in column. Here and there was a ragged resemblance to an alignment of fours, achieved for a few minutes apparently more by chance than anything else. The soldiers were very gorgeous. Peony roses and sunflowers were as nothing to them. All had red tunics, but the facings, which were broad, were different in each regiment. Some were yellow, some green, some blue, some nondescript, and the effect on the red ground was not always pleasing. The trousers were very various. Blue, with a broad yellow stripe down the side, or occasionally for the sake of variety down the front or the back, green and red, yellow and maroon, scarlet and brown, were a few of the combinations. On their heads were worn helmets with burnished spikes, and a small metal dragon in front. These helmets do not suit at all with long hair. The topknot of a good many is so large that the *pickelhaube* balances on it, and wobbles about in undignified fashion.

The majority, however, found that the most satisfactory way of avoiding this was to put the helmet on the back of the head, which imparted to them a dissipated appearance, which was far from martial-looking. Not a few found the difference in weight between their ordinary silk turban and a papier-mâché or plaited wicker helmet more than they could bear, and solved the difficulty by carrying their headpiece on the end of their carbines. This met with no remonstrance or opposition on the part of the non-commissioned officers, who, armed with spears, marched at irregular intervals along the flanks of the column. The soldiers had no belts, and therefore no scabbards, and proceeded with bayonets fixed. The Fourth Regiment, commanded by the young Kachin before alluded to, had a habit, whether for the sake of distinction, or as signifying that they were prepared at any moment to give cold steel, of sloping arms in an eccentric way. Grasping

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the rifle at the upper band, they threw the butt over the shoulder and proceeded with bayonets sticking out in front. As a necessary consequence they did not straggle so much as the others, for if a man lagged he was wakened up by a prod from the point of the bayonet in the nape of the neck, or between the shoulders. The chief objection to this method of keeping the men at fairly regular intervals, was that a prick in the rear was as likely as not to pass right on to the head of the column, with the result of a volley of abuse and very considerable disorganisation.

The marines were the strongest in point of numbers, and far and away the best in drill. They kept their alignment very fairly, and frequently as many as three men in a section kept step. Their uniform was a blue-frogged red tunic and blue trousers with a scarlet stripe. On the helmet they wore an anchor instead of the ordinary dragon of the line. Their colonel was the Hpaungwun, Myowun, now Hlethin atwinwun, the minister who was so energetic in the palace massacres in 1879. The credit of their discipline was, however, entirely due to Commotto, a young Italian naval officer in the king's service, and engineer of all the river forts. The marines were quite a thousand strong, and their officers were mounted just like the rest. When there was practice in the war-boats, the mayor-colonel viewed the performance from the back of an elephant on the river-bank. Like all the great men, however, he did not trouble himself to go out to the reviews.

The men smoked in the ranks and hailed their friends along the route in the freest possible fashion. When a man wanted a light or a drink of water he simply fell out and went in search of it among the spectators, rightly enough assured that none of the officers would bother their heads as to the reason of his departure. All along the line of march men who had been delayed in this way might be seen scuttling along to get somewhere near their proper places. Here and there one was left far away from his regiment, having been seduced into conversation with a friend. Now and then the non-commissioned officers caught sight of an Englishman looking on, and woke up to the sudden sense of their responsibilities, delivering sound thwacks with the butt end of their spears on the shoulders of any stragglers within reach in

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704 703 714 most energetic and official fashion. As a rule, however, they contented themselves with getting over the ground. Many of the recruits viewed their trousers with very grave suspicions. They evidently thought that unless precautionary measures were adopted, the article would slip off, and therefore, with a vigilance which did credit to their sense of modesty, held on tight with one hand to their continuations. Perhaps the tailors were to blame. But in any case the attitude was undignified, and certainly not military. The garment was not regarded with any favour even by the veterans. When the ahmudan were on guard they generally wore the ordinary waistcloth and carried the trousers in one hand to show their status. The tunics were almost never worn except at the reviews.

704 713 Between regiments came four cannon, pulled by men, and with little pennons stuck in the touch-holes. Two gunners accompanied each two-pounder, one carrying a galvanised tin bucket and the other a big canister, intended for shot and powder, but singularly unfitted for such material on a campaign. Sponges and rammers were wanting, and were said to be intentionally so in the hope that the guns might be mistaken for breech-loaders, and the men who drew the pieces were the bombardiers.

704 714 After the infantry, at an interval of two hundred yards, came two regiments of cavalry, numbering about five hundred lances in all. They wore helmets of Grecian pattern, like cuirassiers, but otherwise were in the national dress. The second of the two was the celebrated "Kathé Horse," who have won in English books on Burma a fame unknown in their own country. They were dressed in French grey jackets and red pasos, and looked very well; but their mounts were very poor for a country where ponies are so plentiful and where it was so easy for the commander to demand their excellence. The saddles had long flaps or wings hanging down in front to protect the riders' bare legs when riding through underwood, but it was so long since they had been in the jungle that the flaps were more of a decoration than a necessity. Cavalry is an arm of the service of little use in a country like Burma, but with their long slender lances and splendid trappings they made a fine show, and

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not very much more could be said for the infantry—not so much in some cases.

The lancers were followed by the commissariat and control departments, a rabble of men carrying pots and pans and rolls of bamboo matting and boxes intended for ammunition, but containing none, and huge wicker baskets, besides a lot of other baggage which might be useful, but did not look like it. There were five or six hundred of these men, guarded by a handful of dah and spearmen.

In their wake followed the artillery corps; first, thirty or forty two-pounders, similar to those between the different regiments, and with the same complement of men to each gun, and the same appliances. Then the elephant battery, each elephant with two jingals mounted on the howdah. These jingals, throwing a half or three-quarter pound ball, with their long pointed tails and muzzles pointed up to the skies, look very much like telescopes from a distance. In actual warfare they would probably do nothing beyond scaring the elephant. Besides the mahaut, each elephant carried a man to manage the guns. Fifty of them were loaded with this mosquito artillery, and behind them came fifty more with nothing on them but the mahaut. Many were most magnificent tuskers, and they constituted the most valuable part of his majesty's army.

Behind the elephants came the heavier guns, drawn by buffaloes, but they were apt to stick in the heavy, unmade roads, and the buffaloes themselves were not easy brutes to manage, especially on a warm day when their skin begins to crack. This battery, therefore, usually went but a short distance. These heavy guns were mostly very ancient ship guns of Portuguese, Dutch, French, and Arakanese make, and would be considered valuable in an English parish museum. They were formidable to none except primitive mountaineers, and to them chiefly from the noise they made.

As this account shows, Thibaw's army was neither threatening nor efficient, and the events of 1885 bore out the estimate. When the time came for adding Upper Burma to the British dominions it was effected with the least possible amount of bloodshed on either side. It might be supposed from what has been said that the ahmudan

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had no drill, but this was very far from being the case. On the contrary, drill was going on constantly inside the palace and at the various guard stations. The French and Italian officers were always instructing them, but a want of belief in the utility of mass movements rendered all their efforts useless. The recruits went through the balance-step with the utmost enthusiasm; when it came to forming fours they were a little less ardent, but by the time they ought to have been counter-marching and right-forming company they were tired of the whole business and poked fun at the instructor. European officers called themselves, and were called, generals and colonels and what not, but they were simply drill sergeants with very unpromising material. They were allowed no uniform; they never took command on a review day. Occasionally they complained of being insulted by their squads, and were told by a sententious mingyi that patience is one of the ten virtues which go to the making up of a true gentleman. To recompense them for their trials they made a great deal of money in a variety of ways, their salaries being the least part, and paid at long and uncertain intervals in a lump sum. The real "generals" were men who hardly ever came out at all, least of all when there was a chance of fighting. The commander-in-chief was for many months in jail, but still retained his title, and two of his sons remained in command of regiments. The men who managed the reviews and any work that was to be done were all let-thôndaw, the king's pages of honour. Few of them were over twenty, but their duties did not require much experience.

Besides the legitimate drill, conducted by the European instructors, there were other performances, the object of which would hardly be apparent to the compilers of the *Manual of Field Exercise*. The instructor, one of the junior officers, assembled the men in a big circle round about him, and proceeded in a fashion dictated to him apparently by nothing but his own fancy. He threw his gun into the air, caught it and cried *hé!* and the men followed his example to the best of their ability. He went through the same manœuvre behind his back, cried *hé!* again, and the men probably got some hard knocks in dutifully trying to imitate him. He cried *hé* and hunched up his shoulders; cried *hé* and brought